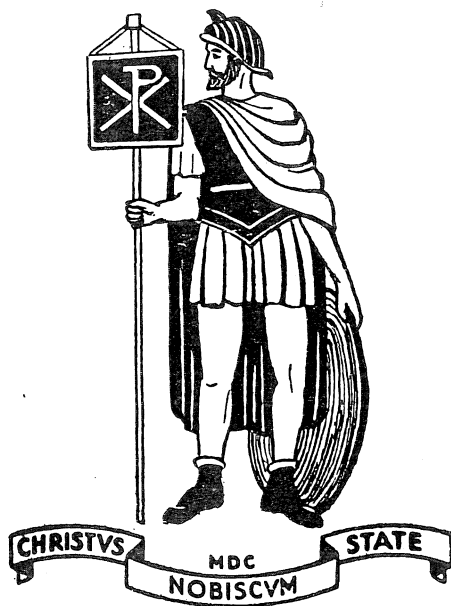


The
Alcester Grammar



School Record

July, 1946.



A.G.S. 1st XI.

The Headmaster Harris Moizer Budden Lilley McCarthy i Woodfield Mole Mr. E. W. Hadwen.
 Richardson Hancox Hillman (Capt.) Stone Cook Hadwen i.

Alcester

Grammar School Record.

No. 84.

JULY, 1946.

Editor—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

JOAN HORSEMAN, KATHLEEN HOLMES, SONIA SHORE, EADIE i., GRAY i.,
PRESTIDGE, WAINWRIGHT.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

A few complaints have been recently received from Old Scholars about the late delivery of their Magazines. We regret these delays, into the cause of which we have carefully inquired. Magazines for Old Scholars are handed out on the day of publication, but we are entirely dependent upon the boys or girls who undertake to deliver them as to the promptness with which such delivery is made. In most instances we feel sure that the Magazine reaches its destination on the same or the following day. If, however, any subscriber should receive his Magazine very late, we should like to be informed, so that we may take steps to prevent a recurrence of the delay.

It was to ensure that Old Scholars received their RECORD promptly that we arranged some years ago to supply Magazines post free on receipt of payment in advance for any three consecutive issues. A number of Old Scholars have taken advantage of this postal service. If, therefore, you wish to make sure that you get your Magazine as soon as it is issued, you have only to send along to the editor a postal order for three shillings, and you will be supplied post free with the next three copies; you will also receive in due course a reminder of when your subscription needs to be renewed.

While on the subject of renewal of subscriptions, we would make it clear that we are most careful to send this reminder at the proper time, but that only one reminder can be sent. No further Magazines can be supplied by post until the subscription has been renewed. We are most anxious to send Magazines to all postal subscribers, but Old Scholars will realise that we cannot afford the time or the expense entailed in sending repeated notices about subscriptions.

THE FRONTISPIECE.

From time to time in the days before 1939 we used to publish as supplements to the RECORD photographs of interest to the school. In resuming this practice, we have chosen as subject for our first plate the football 1st XI. of the season 1945-46. This very successful combination scored 77 goals to their opponents' 23, the analysis of their achievements being as follows :—

<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>
14	12	1	1

THE SCHOOL REGISTER.**Valete.**

Morris, J. E. (Upp. Vb), 1941-46. Palmer, J. R. (Upp. IVb), 1942-46.
 Wilkes, N. R. (Upp. Vb), 1941-46. Coates, E. A. (Low. IVb), 1944-46.
 Hunt, M. K. (Upp. IVa), 1943-46. Rotherham, J. L. (Low. IVb), 1943-46.
 Snow, D. M. (Upp. IVa), 1943-46. Houghton, B. H. (IIIa), 1945-46.
 Hunt, J. L. (Upp. IVb), 1943-46.

Salvete.

Bubb, B. N. (IIIa). Peck, F. E. (Low Va).
 Crawford, G. C. (Low IVb). Peck, M. J. (Upp. IVa).
 Dalrymple, A. J. (Upp. IVa). Peck, R. R. (Low IVb).

There have been 316 pupils in attendance this term.

GOOD COMPANIONS.

Practically every day for six years I have cycled from Bidford to Alcester to school, and as this procedure is drawing to a close, I wonder if the many friends I have made will remember the incidents of the road in the years to come. I sincerely hope that Longfellow was wrong when he wrote of
 ' Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing ;
 Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness ;
 So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
 Only a look and a voice ; then darkness again and a silence.'

Surely someone will look out for me at a familiar road junction and wonder if I am coming or if I have gone by. The men in the fields who used to pass the time of day, and the motorists who saluted, will continue their work and travels and may miss our usual greeting.

In the course of time new scholars will travel the same road, and will find interest and pleasure in Nature's handiwork. The swans will build their nests and afterwards swim majestically up and down the river with their cygnets. At the slightest sound the rabbits will show their white tails as they bolt for safety, and the squirrels will hide in the trees, peeping out through the branches until danger has passed. Larks will fly

overhead singing their song to the sun, and in the winter evenings the hoot of the owl will herald the approaching darkness.

Lambs will still gambol in the Spring, and bleat plaintively for their lost mothers, and the smell of new mown hay will be wafted on the breeze. In the Autumn the newly ploughed fields will be the forerunners of seed-time and harvest. The snow and sunshine, frost and floods will continue in their season, and "Hey, ho, the wind and the rain—For the rain it raineth every day."

These new scholars will like us "speak on these things," and, meeting their numerous friends, will journey together to the School where I have spent so many happy days. It is my sincere wish that they, like myself, will in the words of J. B. Priestley, meet with "Good Companions."

STONE (Upper Vb).

GARDEN PESTS.

Slugs and snails are a great worry. They are considered the gardener's lawful enemies on which bitter war must be waged. He knows that every year they will give him endless trouble, but he knows also that the trouble will be repaid by results; therefore he goes to his task readily. In our garden, however, this has become a secondary war. Our battle is not against weeds and weather, it is a great struggle against small two-legged beings that like flowers. The love of children may be a desirable quality in a man, but when he sees them approaching his flowers, it is only natural for him to harden his heart and peremptorily dismiss them.

I suppose that this is common to all who are interested in their garden, for anyone who is proud of what he has helped to bring forth is naturally sensitive when it is plundered by others. Nevertheless, I am convinced that nowhere else do children so readily cease to respect the property of others when the watchful eye is for a second turned aside. Indeed to stop their infiltrations completely would need nothing less than an armed guard; for be the gardener ever so vigilant, he has but one pair of eyes, and is physically incapable of being in two places at once.

My brother, one day, had been working in the garden, and immediately he had finished and was safely indoors, a small girl slipped through the gate, picked the heads off six or seven tulips, threw them down and slipped out again. On the next occasion she chose the wrong time; my brother was there. A look, a threat, a menacing shake of the shears and she swiftly departed, her courage completely gone.

A little later, we were all in the house when a small figure appeared at the gate, and stood watching the flowers. She

looked at the house and sidled through. She made her way down the path slowly and stealthily, stopped near some tulips and regarded them attentively. Again she looked at the house and stretched out her hand; then evidently she recollected an angry man with a pair of shears and dejectedly she departed. In our house was jubilation: one of our worries would trouble us no longer. But many such still remain.

This is a warning to all prospective gardeners. By all means read books on fertilisers and seeds, spend time, energy and money on your garden and, even if you are only an amateur, you will soon have a garden worth while. But I am sure that the true secret of success is a firm hand with the children who consider your lawn to be softer than any other, your flower beds convenient pathways and your plants lawful plunder. These nuisances conquered, more orthodox pests can receive attention.

GRAY i. (VI.).

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS.

During the past few months, such a large number of Old Scholars have been released from the Forces and returned to civilian life that we have been quite unable to compile a complete list of them. But we wish each and every one of them success and happiness in the careers which they are either resuming or entering for the first time. Other Old Scholars continue to be called to the colours and we shall follow our practice of recording their names and the branches of the service they have entered, as the information reaches us.

R. Freeling has joined the Army Dental Corps; J. Hadwen is in the Fleet Air Arm; and M. Dowdeswell is in the R.A.F.

G. Howes finds life in the Army so congenial that he has enlisted for a further period.

D. Collett has obtained his commission in R.E.M.E.

D. Smith, now a Sergeant in the R.A.F., has for the past six months been serving in Ceylon.

R. Midlane has been promoted to the rank of Major.

We hear that Vaughan Findon has gone with her husband to Vancouver.

Congratulations to Frances Evans on passing the Intermediate Examination of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in November last.

Also to Kathleen Hemming, who has obtained her B.A. degree in Music at Birmingham University.

Jean Bridgman, who has been with the B.B.C. for several years, is now secretary to the Talks producer of the Midland Region.

Sheriff Wright has been appointed Assistant Postmaster (Administrative) for the Warwick and Leamington area.

Gian Beachus has been selected Carnival Queen of Alcester.

Old Scholars who were at A.G.S. with Mr. Wells will be sorry to learn that he recently had to undergo an operation for appendicitis. We are pleased to be able to report that he is making a satisfactory recovery.

In his speech on Sports Day, the High Bailiff made reference to the suggested revival of the Old Scholars' Guild, and emphasised the desirability of this revival being conducted upon the right lines. Reports reach us that an effort is being made by a group of Old Scholars to set the guild going again. Details of what they propose to do should reach Old Scholars in due course.

BIRTHS.

On March 20th to Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Luker—a daughter.

On March 26th to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Aspin (*nee* Winifred Walters)—a son.

On April 15th to Mr. and Mrs. R. Jackson (*nee* Norah Baylis)—a son.

On May 29th to Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Clark (*nee* Vivian Wright)—a son.

On June 9th to Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Graham (*nee* Joyce Taylor)—a son.

On June 20th to Mr. and Mrs. George Steele—a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On March 30th, at Stratford-on-Avon, Ronald Nelson Holton to Margaret Ada Barker (scholar 1936-42).

On April 6th at Stratford-on-Avon, Capt. Guy M. Holme, R.A.M.C., to Georgina Miles (scholar 1937-40).

On April 10th at Alcester, Cecil John Beal to Annie Gladys Barton (scholar 1936-39).

On April 20th at Astwood Bank, Charles William Parsons to Phyllis Houghton (scholar 1932-37).

On April 20th at Alcester, Norman Steed to Jean Rose Danks (scholar 1937-40).

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ONE BORED.

I.

Oh, to be from England
Now that June is here,
And whoever wakes in England
Hears each morning chill and drear
That the teeming gutters choked again,
And the drains are belching forth the rain,
While the rations grow still less and less,
In England ?—Yes.

II.

And after June, when July comes
And the busy tractor roars and hums
See ! where my broken sickle in the hedge
Leans and still contemplates, amazed, moreover
That it is now no longer true in edge.
That's my strong arm ; I break each tool twice over
Lest you should think I never could recapture
That first fine careless fracture !
And though the fields lie sodden in the mist,
All will be gay to-night at Upton-on-the-twist.
Beer's going to be sold at seven p.m.
The golden prospect buoys me up *pro tem*.

D. H. EADIE (VI.).

" THIS PEACE."

- | | |
|---|---|
| i. So now for peace
That brings release
From bombs and guns,
And Japs and Huns, | iv. Less cheese, less beer,
Still tea to cheer ;
But still less meat,
Less coal to heat. |
| ii. With lots of sleep ;
No need to creep
Like rats and voles,
Down shelter holes. | v. Less fats to spread,
And still less bread.
Yet that, tho' rough
Is still enough. |
| iii. No need for masks,
Or cleansing tasks,
No fear of gas
On street and grass. | vi. So pray the outlook
Soon will brighten ;
And Thank God, we
Have belts to tighten. |

KATHLEEN ROBERTS (Upp. IVa).

MURDER.

Have you ever committed a murder ?

Even now, long afterwards, the memory of that awful moment returns to me and in my most horrifying nightmares the shattered body of my victim presents itself before me.

I was alone in the house when I first encountered that hideous-looking being to whose existence I was to put an end. Somehow, remembering my solitude, I checked the impulse to scream and realised that I would have to dispose of his presence by some means. I suppose it was imagination, but he appeared to be looking straight at me and I stood rooted to the spot as though hypnotised.

Stealthily, I picked up a rough-looking weapon and closing my eyes, I administered a *coupe de grace* to his body. I could feel and hear his bones crack. What had I done ! I was horrified, my blood rushed madly through my veins and I could feel my hair rise in fear.

Slowly it all came back to me. I was alone with a dead body and a memory that would haunt me *ad infinitum*. In my hand I held the slightly battered match box and on the wall of my room remained the squashed outline of a large black spider !

SHEILA SPRAGGETT (Upper Va).

KIDNAPPED.

Jeremy woke up to find the room in complete darkness. He wondered where he was. He was lying on something cold and hard. He had a bruise on his head, and he was very cold. Trying to gather his scattered wits together, he realized that something was lying across his neck. It did not restrict his breathing, but all the same it didn't feel very comfortable.

Jeremy was one of those little boys who indulge in reading adventure stories and detective novels. Thus he came to the conclusion that he had been kidnapped. The more he thought about it, the surer he became. He remembered passing a rough-looking man while coming home from school. He had not liked that man's looks at all.

What was going to happen now ? His parents would phone the police, the police would search the country. His picture would be in the paper, but would he be found ? The gang would make off. Or perhaps they would kill him. Yes, that was it. They would come soon. A man with a crooked nose and an unshaven chin would bend over him. An ugly knife would glitter in the light of a candle Jeremy heard a sound. A slight scraping on the floor. Then, with a bump, something landed right where his heart should have been. Not able to stand it any more, the kidnapped boy gave a cry of fear.

The weight on his chest vanished, and faint murmurs and hurrying feet could be heard. Suddenly the door was flung open, the room was flooded with light, and the startled faces of his parents were looking down on him. Gazing around, Jeremy found himself on the linoleum by his bed. The chord of his dressing gown trailed over his neck. And, playing with his toes—was the kitten. He remembered taking it to bed with him, and hiding it under the bed clothes. So that was what had jumped on his chest.

SONIA SHORE (Lower Va).

THE MEETING OF THE CONSCIENCES.

In the old barn the Consciences were holding a meeting, and they could be seen running swiftly across the green field towards the building, casting fantastic shadows before them. To-night they became visible, but, when the meeting ended, and the moon slipped down behind the hills they would become invisible once more, and return to their work in the weary world. They were of all shapes and sizes ; some were as big as human people, with large smiling faces ; others were tiny, like gnomes, with distorted features, and wild eyes ; some were restless, hopping first on one foot and then on the other, their fingers twitching nervously ; whilst again others were leaning listlessly against the walls, or lolling on the scattered benches. Gradually they assembled in a more orderly fashion, the younger sprites giving place, as they should, to their elders. Presently, when the last star had appeared in the clear twinkling sky, the heavy oak doors were swung to and the lanterns were lit, and business began. A very old gentleman, with a quavering voice began the proceedings.

"Friends,-er,-friends," he began, and a heavy silence fell upon the old building. "We are gathered together here to-night to report our progress, if any, during the past eventful years. And we must all endeavour to contribute something, some experience, towards this meeting, either verbally, if we have time, or in your reports, which I will collect and in due time circulate amongst you in the world. I hope, that through this, we shall all be richer by each other's experiences. I know, only too well, how contrary humans are, and I am afraid that very many people have no use for us at all, until they are in trouble ; then it is we who get the blame and they say they have a guilty conscience. So, time and time again, the kind, willing Consciences are neglected and are left to rust at the back of their minds. In many cases [here his voice grew serious] you are to blame, you become lazy and sleep when you should be poking and prying, and, it's no use being sorry afterwards,—that won't help—, or ashamed, as I hope many of you are. Now, John, tell me what you have been doing !"

During his speech several sprites had moved uneasily, looking down at the floor, and one large, sheepish-looking figure now shuffled uncomfortably on to his feet.

"I, er, I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid I haven't done very much; I meant to, but then I left it too late and fell asleep. I was so tired, and I knew to penetrate my human's mind I would have to be wide awake, he was very stubborn."

"What you mean is that your human being was conceited and selfish, isn't it?" inquired a voice from the back of the gathering.

"Perhaps," said John reluctantly, "But he didn't mean to be."

"It's no use not meaning a thing" retorted yet another voice. "A thing is or it isn't."

"Oh! I suppose it is," said John, obviously out of his depth, adding however with spirit. "But if other consciences had been active, they could have warned their humans, and then my human would not have harmed anyone."

John relapsed into a sulky silence. The old gentleman looked rather impatiently at his hour-glass and intervened.

"I think that in future, John had better keep awake, though I doubt whether a conscience will be able to improve such a character. I warn you against such people. However, Rob, what have you to say about the general situation?"

Rob polished his spectacles, replaced them slowly on his rather shiny nose and spoke.

"Consciences, as you said, wake too late to be of any practical help. When they could avert a disaster they are asleep or don't like to interfere. Some humans will never listen to their Consciences at all; others are afraid to listen because they are overpowered by other stronger humans, in which case the Consciences concerned should co-operate to liberate, and afterwards, strengthen the weaker character. I am convinced [his voice rose] that if we could make every human being conscious of his duty to his fellowman and awaken honesty and decency in every mind, then this war business that everyone worries about would become a mere myth of the past. And the Conscience must play its part: it must rid the world of fear and distrust. I can say no more. I am sorry to have to be so serious, but it is how I feel."

"Hmm! Now, if we all take those words to heart, and endeavour to do what Rob tells us, we shall have a perfect world!" said the old gentleman. "But," he added consolingly, "don't be disheartened; the position is not so bad as all that. The majority of people need only a gentle prick occasionally. I would just say one word to the gentlemen on my right, however."

He indicated a row of sprites in stiff white collars, hair sleekly brushed down, sitting on a bench upon a raised platform.

"These gentlemen—[they rose as a body, bowed, and resumed their original positions]—are the politicians' Consciences. Ah! Yes! they do have Consciences, and I would remind them of their grave responsibilities, for they hold important positions. They are not governed by the human code of behaviour; theirs is a loftier, more intricate law, flexible perhaps, varying according to circumstance. But, time is short, unfortunately, and I fear I shall only have time to collect your reports, but I will get in touch with you, as I promised."

Silently the Consciences, big and small, filed past, some handing immense portfolios to the old gentleman, others mere scraps of paper, but he took leave of each one kindly, his slow gentle smile breaking the harsh lines on his face. Outside, one by one, the stars disappeared, and the moon regretfully sank behind the hills. The old barn rustled softly, and then was silent.

JOAN HORSEMAN (VI.).

AN APOLOGY TO FOREIGNERS.

England is a funny place,
And English a queer tongue;
Plaice pronounced the same as place,
And wrung the same as rung.

Bough is pronounced like bow,
And quay is just like key,
But cough is not pronounced like cow,
And sway is not like see.

The plural of mouse is mice,
And that of brother, brethren,
But would you find a row of hice,
Where children lived with their methren.

The plural of die can be dice,
And that of foot is always feet,
But would a man in court tell lice,
When disproved by the mud on his beet.

The plural of penny is pennies,
And it also may be pence,
But fancy two Spinning Jennies,
Being called two Spinning Jence.

Like face and pace is case,
And message ends like bridge,
Yes, England is a funny place,
And English a queer language.

KEMPSTER (Lower Vb).

SPORTS DAY, 1946.

The Thirty-third Annual Sports Day was held on Thursday, June 6th, commencing at 2.15 p.m.

The weather had for the previous fortnight been of the worst, and had caused many gloomy predictions amongst the budding weather prophets as to the actual day. Indeed, the heats for the hundred yards, obstacle, hurdles and slow bicycle races, which were run off a week or so before, were rudely interrupted by a torrential downpour, which, besides causing a general exodus to the cloakroom, also obliterated many of the gleaming white lines of the track, necessitating many laborious hours usage of the marker.

Yet, on Sports Day, the weather was entirely satisfactory, being delightfully warm for the spectators, but not unbearable for the panting competitors. As last year, many cars were seen parked on the girls' playing field, a sign of a return to happier conditions. A number of novel changes were introduced this year into the obstacle race. Those most treacherous of obstacles, the sacks, were moved to the goal-posts at the other end of the field, as the one which has previously been used (that to the left of the spectators) was this year, owing to certain faults in its structure, thought unfit for such service. Strands of wire were used for crawling under instead of the customary poles. An entirely new idea was brought in at the end of the race, the competitors being forced to traverse a distance of five yards on two house-bricks, moving forward without taking their feet off them. All the events were keenly contested, every ounce of energy being thrown into them, and the results of the relay race, always the most interesting to competitors and spectators alike, were in doubt right until the last minute.

Towards the close of the field events, a dancing display, entitled 'Peter and the Wolf,' organised by Miss Flynn, was given by the girls on the front tennis court, and was witnessed by a large and interested company.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Thornton for his organisation and starting of the field events; to the steward and judges, and to those members of the upper school who have worked so hard erecting the paraphernalia always necessary for Sports Day.

The medals, cup and shields were presented this year by the High Bailiff of Alcester, Mr. Stuart Wright. The Sports Shield was won for the sixth successive time by the Brownies. The congratulations of the whole school are due to Hillman, who, by winning the Victor Ludorum Cup for the fourth time running, has set up a record that will probably last for many years to come. As it is still unfortunately impossible to obtain medals, once again saving stamps were presented.

After a vote of thanks to Mr. Stuart Wright, a most enjoyable afternoon's proceedings closed with two verses of the School Song and the National Anthem.

The results were as follows :—

SENIORS (over 14).

100 yards.—1, Hillman ; 2, Cook ; 3, Stone ; 4, Budden.
 220 yards.—1, Hillman ; 2, Cook ; 3, Stone ; 4, Budden.
 440 yards.—1, Hillman ; 2, Hadwen i ; 3, Stone ; 4, Budden.
 Half-Mile.—1, McCarthy i ; 2, Gray i ; 3, Moizer ; 4, Budden.
 Hurdles.—1, Hillman ; 2, Cook ; 3, Stone ; 4, Moizer.
 Slow Bicycle.—1, Gray i ; 2, Hancox ; 3, Horseman ; 4, Budden.
 Obstacle.—1, Mole ; 2, Moizer ; 3, Gray i ; 4, Hadwen i.
 High Jump.—1, Hillman ; 2, Woodfield ; 3, Wood i ; 4, Gray i. and Moizer.
 Cross Country.—1, Gray i ; 2, McCarthy i ; 3, Budden ; 4, Eadie i.
 The Mile.—1, Hillman ; 2, Gray i ; 3, McCarthy i ; 4, Moizer.
 Long Jump.—1, Hillman ; 2, Cook ; 3, Wood i ; 4, Moizer.
 Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1, Stone ; 2, Cook ; 3, Horseman ; 4, Nunn.

JUNIORS (12-14).

100 yards.—1, Baylis ii ; 2, McCarthy ii ; 3, Hitchings ; 4, Goddard.
 220 yards.—1, Baylis ii ; 2, McCarthy ii ; 3, Orton ; 4, Marshall.
 Half Mile.—1, Baylis ii ; 2, McCarthy ii ; 3, Marshall ; 4, Paddock.
 Hurdles.—1, Baylis ii ; 2, Blundell ii.
 Obstacle.—1, Burden i ; 2, Blundell ii ; 3, Hadwen ii ; 4, Fancutt.
 Slow Bicycle.—1, Fancutt ; 2, McCarthy ii ; 3, Stanley ; 4, Blundell ii.
 High Jump.—1, Baylis ii ; 2, Yeomans ii ; 3, McCarthy ii ; 4, Savage i.
 Cross Country.—1, Paddock ; 2, Savage i ; 3, Blundell ii ; 4, Marshall.
 Long Jump.—1, Baylis ii ; 2, Adkins ii ; 3, McCarthy ii ; 4, Paddock.
 Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1, Adkins, ii ; 2, Baylis ii ; 3, Fancutt ; 4, McCarthy ii.

JUNIORS (under 12).

100 yards.—1, Pearce ; 2, Shelton ; 3, Fogg ; 4, Trout.
 Obstacle.—1, Trout ; 2, Pearce ; 3, Fogg ; 4, Shelton.
 Egg and Spoon.—1, Pearce ; 2, Weaver ; 3, Crompton ; 4, Paskins.
 Sack.—1, Lyon-Smith ii ; 2, Feast ; 3, Burden ii ; 4, Shelton.
 Three-Legged.—1, Feast and Burden ii ; 2, Trout and Crompton ; 3, Shelton and Pearce.

OTHER EVENTS.

Tug-of-War.—Jackals beat Brownies.
 Relay Race.—1, Brownies ; 2, Jackals ; 3, Tomtits.

The following presentations were made :—

Victor Ludorum Cup.—Hillman (87 points).
 Silver Medals.—Cook, Gray i ; McCarthy i ; McCarthy ii ; Baylis ii ; Paddock.
 Bronze Medals.—Budden ; Hadwen i ; Moizer ; Stone ; Savage i ; Adkins ii ; Blundell ii ; Pearce.
 Sports Shield.—Brownies (349 points). Jackals scored 341 points, and Tomtits 177 points.

M.B.

SPORTS DAY INDOORS.

Sports day itself always comes as somewhat of a relief, even an anti-climax, after the weeks of feverish preparation which have gone ahead. There is the inevitable half-completed sports-work which must be finished, with the consequent late nights and skipped homework. Then there are the fated days on which judging takes place, tiresome for all, but particularly

nerve-racking for us, privileged people, who have been permitted to take down the results in an almost priceless, and jealously guarded note-book. When the judge approaches an article in which we have an only too personal interest our hearts fail and pencils falter in fear of the criticism or worse which will all too surely follow. As the judging proceeds our rusty arithmetic comes to our rescue as we try to add the marks, as we think, of those who have rendered particularly good service to their side. When this trying task is completed, the work is packed safely away for a week or two, while we, secure in the knowledge of a job well done, hope June 6th will be sunny and free from rain to crown our endeavours.

This year, true to tradition, our hopes were realised by a day perfect for spectators and competitors alike. After belatedly realising that the desks in the hall failed to display the work to the best advantage, we made a leisurely journey to Alcester in search of green paper as a background, and the Sixth girls then completed a busy morning by laying out the Arts and Crafts in the Hall and in the History room.

In spite of the shortage of materials, which was noticeable in embroidery and fine sewing, the work was on the whole of a higher standard than last year. A most valuable contribution to the display was made by the boys, with a great number of varied models, several beautifully finished lamps, and other woodwork articles, which made the History room very popular with the visitors. Special places were given because of exceptional workmanship or originality.

The success of Mrs. Hunt's classes was again proved by the exhibition of soft toys, showing perhaps more variety than last year, while the gloves were, I understand, much admired. This year also, there was a class of leatherwork which was a new and welcome departure. All those who have profited by the expert teaching, and lively personal interest shown in them by Mrs. Hunt, will, I am sure, welcome this opportunity of thanking her most sincerely.

The Arts and Crafts competition for Old Scholars, was introduced for the first time this year; although the number of entries was quite small, the standard of work was particularly high. There were examples showing excellent taste in the use of good materials, and fine workmanship was very evident.

There were a good number of entries in the Art room, particularly by the juniors, who showed great enthusiasm in their potato-cuts: however the posters did not seem up to their usual standard.

Next year there will be a restriction in the number of articles to be entered, which will we hope facilitate Miss Evans' task of classification, which this year proved so difficult. On Miss Evans, who organises these competitions,

the burden of the heaviest work necessarily falls. Though our thanks to Miss Evans may only be formally expressed here, those who know the amount of work and thought which a successful Sports Day indoors entails, realise that without someone of Miss Evans' energy and enthusiasm what has been a unique feature of the Grammar School might easily be lost.

The following awards were made :—

The Trophy (presented annually by Miss Evans) to Eileen Rose.

Silver Medals :—Sheila Rymell, Jean Paddock, Sheila Woolley, McCarthy i., Moizer, Kathleen Holmes, Mole, Sylvia Goulbourne, Dorothy Rose, Mary Rowland, Anne Hemming, Barbara Wadams, Jean Finnemore.

Bronze Medals :—Joan Horseman, Wendy Howes, Gittus, Gray i., Hadwen i., Cynthia Bartlett, Sonia Shore, Valerie Smith, Ann Perkins, Bridges, Barbara Hewlett, Mary Burrows, Norma Wilkinson, Gillian Winspear, Barbara Druller, Montgomery.

The Arts and Crafts Shield was won by the Brownies with 2142 points; the Jackals were second with 2005 points, and the Tomtits third with 1836 points.

E.M.R.

A TRUE STORY.

As we are going through a difficult period with the housing shortage, I think it will be of some interest if I write a little tale which is perfectly true.

For the last few years we have owned a small house; some may delight in calling it a 'prefab,' but I myself prefer the term 'timbered.' We have tried to coax tenants, but to no avail; they simply would not come. At last a young couple came, who were trying to procure a home for themselves.

We offered them the tenancy of our house, but they seemed very hesitant. Eventually, however, they decided to move in, and it was an exciting time for both parties concerned. They soon settled down, and proved a friendly and a superior couple.

Then, one day, it happened! We saw the husband going about with a very happy, and yet at the same time, a very anxious expression. He did not sing so much as was his wont. Of course, it is unnecessary to tell you we were very curious. It was exceedingly rude, and I know you will agree, but one day we went cautiously to the little house and peeped in through the window. It is useless to try to explain what our feelings were at the sight which met our eyes. There were seven of them lying on a downy counterpane. Can you possibly guess their identity? I think not. The names of this young couple are Mr. and Mrs. Tomtit, and their small domain is the white bird's house which is situated in one of our plum trees.

It is most interesting to watch the two parent birds hopping in and out of the small door with bits of food, with which to fill the clamouring young beaks that are waiting within. They

are growing bigger every day, and I think we must soon resign ourselves to wait for the day when they will all fly away. But we sincerely hope that they will come and visit their former little home.

BETTY M. WHITEHEAD (Upper Va.).

THE FARMERS' CONTRIBUTION.

The corn has been sown, and to harvest has grown,
The potash put on apace,
The rich fields have striven and of their best given,
To vanquish the master race.

The horses have foamed, the tractors have groaned,
The green sward turned to brown.
The long-tilled field its prize did yield,
In valley, on moor, and on down.

Then thank the land, and that master hand,
Who guided the binder and plough,
Who worked day and night, with little respite,
To give you the food you have now.

Though the years come and go, the land still is so,
The sheep still graze on the leys,
The farmers still groan, the workers still moan,
And the forms still arrive, thick as bees.

For a while let us pause, at the close of our wars,
And consider the work we have done ;
How the " yokel " much spurned, great glory has earned,
And saved Britain her place in the sun.

HORSEMAN (Upper Vb).

MY GARDEN.

I have a little garden plot,
With nothing in at all,
But my sisters have such lovely ones,
With flowers about the wall.

Now, if I had not been lazy,
And swung upon the swing,
While they were working hard at it,
I should have had something.

JANE HORSFIELD (IIIa).

JUNE.

Where is that blazing June ?
I hope it will come soon ;
The rain is tumbling down so fast,
I wonder how long it will last.
I am waiting for the sun to shine,
And for the days so warm and fine,
For a sky of brightest blue ;
When this all comes true,
All the time that I can spare
Will be spent in the fields in the open air.

IRIS DAFFERN (IIIb).

THE TRAIN JOURNEY.

Just recently I made a long journey to the South coast by train, and as the train was packed, I was parted from the rest of the family and landed up about three carriages away. However, our compartment was not very crowded because some people who were there found they were on the wrong train, so I managed to secure a seat.

Having nothing better to do, I studied my fellow passengers. In the corner was a fat sailor, with a kit-bag on the rack above his head, and several other packages round his feet and a gorgeous bunch of flowers on his lap, which everyone looked at admiringly. We found out later that these were for his wife. Next to the sailor sat a very sedate lady with a huge fur round her neck, and it was a boiling hot day; she held on to a handbag and a very slim umbrella with a handle carved like a duck's head. Next sat a tall school boy, whose knees stretched half way across the gangway. He wore ashbby navy-blue mackintosh and a cap that was much too small, but very brilliantly coloured in mauves and yellows. Then next to the boy sat a very ordinary lady who was reading a book; every now and then she would smile to herself as though it were a very amusing story. I had the corner seat, and opposite me sat two soldiers who were reading a daily newspaper between them for part of the journey. For the rest, they concentrated their attention on a small boy, who with his father and mother occupied the remainder of the compartment.

The small boy proved the centre of attraction, for he would not sit still a minute. First he crawled under the seat and found a cigarette packet which he tore up in small pieces and threw out of the window. This amused him for a short while; then he wanted something to eat, and his mother gave him some chocolate biscuits which he ate after getting most of the chocolate round his face and down his blouse. His mother tried to wipe it off, but he struggled and kicked until his mother gave up. His father gave him a piece of paper and pencil so that he could sit down and write, but the small boy thought the idea of sitting down ridiculous. Then he asked the school boy to make an aeroplane out of the paper. Not satisfied with just looking at the plane, he tried to fly it. The first time it circled round and fell on the floor, the next time it lodged in the brim of the old lady's hat. She was very annoyed and proceeded to tell the little boy's parents how she had to behave when she was his age. While all this commotion was going on, I looked out of the window and saw we were approaching a station where the train started to slow down. The sailor gathered his belongings and jumped out of the train before it had stopped. Evidently he had seen his wife. Most of the other passengers got out here, except for the lady sitting by me. The next stop was Bournemouth, and I was glad to get out, although the journey had not been so boring as I had imagined it would be, thanks to my fellow-

MY COTTAGE.

I often dream of a cottage small,
Where the ivy and roses grow on the wall ;
Complete with candles and grandfather clock,
And the hours fly by, tick-tock, tick-tock.

Outside on the branch of an old oak tree,
There sits a bird, singing merrily,
The day is fine and the sun does shine
On the flowers that surround this cottage of mine.

MARGARET HARRIS (Lower IVa).

EXAMINATIONS.

Examinations are drawing near,
And to all of us it is quite clear
That our lessons now we must not shirk,
And for a time we must work, work, work.

I don't know why, but to be quite frank,
In exam. week our brains seem blank ;
And we wonder what the result will be,
A or B, or C or D.

SAVAGE II. (Lower IVa).

NOTES AND NEWS.

The Summer Term opened on Tuesday, April 30th, and closes on Thursday, July 25th.

On Friday, March 14th, the Cross-Country races were run over the usual courses. For the third successive year the senior event was won by Gray i.

The Mile was run on the Hockey Field, on Monday, March 25th, the winner, as last year, being Hillman.

This term we welcome back to the Staff Mr. L. T. Jackson, who has now been released from the Army.

Miss P. Flynn, who has been in charge of the Girls' Physical Training for two years, is leaving at the end of term.

At the closing assembly last term, football colours were presented to Moizer and Harris, and hockey colours to J. Preston, V. Smith and D. Morris.

Miss M. Griffith has been admitted an Honorary Member of the Trinity College of Music.

An innovation has been made this term by the arranging of regular visits to Redditch swimming baths for the lower forms. Boys of IIIb. have gone with Mr. Jackson, on Tuesdays, and of IIIa. on Thursdays. Girls of the Thirds have gone with Miss Flynn, on Wednesdays, and of the Lower Fourths on Fridays.

For the first summer term for many years no parties have been organised to attend matinees during the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon ; the reason has been that the School has found it impossible to secure seats for the plays that we wished to visit.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks gifts of books to the Reference Library by Betty Baylis, and to the Fiction Library by B. Whitehead and J. Pavey.

Half-term was arranged to coincide with Whitsuntide and extended over Friday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 7th, 10th, 11th and 12th.

On Thursday, May 23rd, a most enjoyable recital was given in the Art Room, to members of the Sixth and Upper Fifth by the Dolmetsch Players, who were represented by Mr. Carl Dolmetsch and Mr. Joseph Saxby.

The Oxford examinations began on Monday, July 1st. Some weeks previously the oral examination in French had been conducted by Dr. Ritchie, and the oral examination in German, by Mr. Thorburn.

During the term we received short visits from Miss Owen, Mrs. Thompson (Miss Secker) and Miss C. Powell, former members of the Staff.

Kathleen Holmes has gained a scholarship tenable at the Birmingham Secretarial Training College.

In the Cricket Match with Great Alne " A " XI. on Thursday June 20th, Hancox took all ten wickets for one run (including the hat trick) in four overs.

The Sides matches played last term resulted as follows :—
FOOTBALL : Jackals 2, Tomtits 0 ; Brownies 7, Jackals 0 ;
Brownies 12, Tomtits 0. HOCKEY : Jackals 5, Tomtits 1 ;
Jackals 2, Brownies 0 ; Tomtits 4, Brownies 1.

COTSWOLD JOURNEY.

Friday was a beautiful day, so it was with carefree hearts that we started upon the first phase of our cycling holiday into the Cotswolds. We were then travelling over familiar ground and soon reached Stratford, where we stopped to eat our first picnic lunch, before riding into Gloucestershire to the Youth Hostel. On arriving at the Hostel we signed the Housebook, made up our beds on bunks in the dormitory and after struggling for some time with a stubborn paraffin stove we prepared ourselves a meal. The other hostellers did not make their appearance until quite late as most of them had cycled out of Birmingham after working hours.

The next morning we awoke to the pattering of rain on the wooden roof. When, however, we had completed the domestic tasks which form an important and most enjoyable part in the routine of every hostel, the rain had stopped and we rode through this picturesque country to a small place called Moreton-in-the-Marsh. A mile or so outside this town we turned round to find that my sister was missing and after we had waited for about fifteen minutes she appeared on the horizon, pushing her bike. Her back tyre was flat. We turned the bicycle upside down and mended a puncture which had been caused by a nail; but as the tyre went down again we went to a nearby farmhouse for a bowl of water, with which to locate the puncture. The old farmer who answered our knock told us that there was no cold water at all in the house and that the hot water was kept in the roof. The people next door, however, were a little more helpful and a man came out and mended the tyre.

By now it was pouring with rain, and you can imagine our consternation when the faulty tyre again let us down a few miles further on. We were too wet to stop and remedy this, and as we were now in the heart of the Cotswold hills we were able to pump up the tyre at the top of each hill and then ride down the other side. We continued this performance as far as Chipping Norton, from which town we had a glorious ride downhill to the next hostel at Charlbury, in Oxfordshire. This was a comparatively new hostel, part of which was in an old factory and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves there. Next morning, two hostellers were kind enough to mend our damaged bike, but unfortunately when, after a fine day, we arrived at Duntisbourne Abbots the tyre was once more flat.

On Monday the rain was again teeming down, and two more hostellers tried to mend our bike. The second man was eventually successful and we decided to cycle into Gloucester. To do this we had to ride to the top of Birdlip hill which was five miles away, and is about one thousand feet high. From there we had a marvellous view over Gloucester, the Severn valley and, although the rain somewhat obscured our view, over the distant mountains. Then came the most thrilling part of our journey. This was our ride down the hill into Gloucester, with brakes which would not work owing to the rain. Luckily we arrived safely at the railway station, so wet that only someone who has experienced the uncomfortable feeling of cycling with shoes full of water, and cold raindrops dripping down one's neck, can sympathise with us.

We did manage to dry our feet and change our shoes in the station waiting-room, however, and as we travelled home on the train instead of cycling as we had planned, we watched, with regret, blue hills receding in the distance. We had indeed spent the best Whitsun of our lives in the Cotswold hills.

WENDY HOWES (VI.).

FANTASY.

It was dusk ! As I wandered over desolate Dartmoor I felt a chill run through my bones for I was hungry and still some way from home. I was staying with some relations in a nearby village and had decided to go for a long ramble over the moors, and as I had gone much farther than I had intended I was still hurrying over the countryside. At that moment I suddenly noticed a derelict house standing on the summit of a nearby hill ; and, as I stood watching, a light flickered in one of the upstairs windows and went out again. " This is queer," I said to myself, and with suspicious thoughts in my mind, I began to creep towards the house. Twice, during my passage to the front door, was my progress interrupted by the reappearance and subsequent disappearance of the light. But at last I stood underneath the front portal, hesitating to go in, but nevertheless waiting for any further signs of occupation.

I stood in this position for what seemed like hours, but was in reality only a few minutes, until at last my patience was rewarded by the sound of someone walking up an old and creaking staircase. After a few moments the sound stopped, and glancing upwards I saw that the window above me was once more a golden patch of flickering light. " This is really too much," I thought to myself, and holding my courage firmly in both hands I entered the house.

The scene which confronted me on opening the door was nothing very mystifying ; it consisted of a small hall void of any decoration, furniture or illumination apart from a broken hat-stand and a staircase at the top of which was a door with a crack of light showing under it. I resolutely began to mount the stairs, but before I was half-way up, the light was extinguished ; the subsequent darkness only increased the eeriness of the building. I rushed up the remaining few stairs and threw open the door of the room from whence I had seen the light come. The room was bare except for a table on which stood a solitary candle. I advanced further into the room, to examine it more closely. As I was doing this I heard a door slam behind me, and turning, I found that I was locked in.

It was then that I first tasted real fear. Turning, I rushed blindly to the window and throwing it open, heedless of the consequences, I jumped out. Luckily for me, I landed in a bed of loose earth, and, picking myself up, I ran with all my might as fast as I could in the general direction of the village, not stopping until I was once more outside my Uncle's house. On entering, I found that I was just in time, as my relations were preparing for bed. I sat down, and after regaining my breath I told them of my night's adventure, but try as I would I could not persuade them that it was anything more mysterious than a tramp whom I had disturbed. It might have been, it might not. Who knows ???

HOLIFIELD (Lower Va).

LOWER FOUR A.

This is the Form of Lower Four-A ;
It never will work, but always likes play.
Just before the teachers come in,
You can hear such an awful din,
That you cannot wonder when teachers say :
" I wish there was no Lower Four-A."

MARSHALL (Lower IVa).

VICTORY.

No more the sound of battle fierce falls upon our years,
Ended now the awful strife which raged for six long years,
Brave men have fought and died that we our freedom may retain,
Honoured may their memory be ; they have not died in vain.
To those who now return, a land of happiness to build,
We just say, " Thanks " ; for all of them our hearts with praise are filled.
There's not much else to offer them by way of celebration,
Since income-tax and rationing still dampen our elation
Neither can we drink their health, and bid them all good cheer,
For inns are closed and cards displayed all read, " Regret, no Beer ! "
Deprived of things that make life seem for us a little lighter,
We now must shorter rations bear, and pull our belts still tighter ;
But though we Britons grumble about our tribulations,
We most desire a lasting peace for us and all the nations.

CYNTHIA BARTLETT (Lower Va).

A NERVE RACKING EXPERIENCE.

One evening two friends and myself after wandering aimlessly around, endeavouring to find something to do, decided to go out for a brisk walk to sharpen our dull brains. We went a little distance from the house, and remained there talking, instead of carrying out our original plan.

We had been there almost ten minutes when we were startled by one of the queerest sounds I have ever heard. It sounded somewhat like the muffled bang of a pricked balloon, but we thought this was very unlikely as we had no balloons and there was no one near us. We were very puzzled and immediately resolved to determine what was the cause of the explosion.

On our search we passed two or three geese sitting peacefully on their nests, patiently waiting for the time when their eggs would hatch, and thought all was well. But on advancing a little further we found one poor goose standing nervously over her eggs, with a pitiful look of surprise on her face. She was evidently very much afraid of something.

We soon found out however, with the aid of our noses, exactly what had unnerved the goose and also what we were searching for, which was, in case you have forgotten, the cause of the peculiar noise. The odour which reached us caused us to hesitate ; but, after enveloping our noses in handkerchiefs, we plucked up enough courage to approach nearer to the distressed bird. We found, much to our amusement, that one

of the eggs on which the unfortunate creature had been sitting, had exploded underneath her, thus giving her much surprise and many palpitations of the heart; and by her appearance, the sensation had not been a very pleasant one.

We rushed into the house and amid much laughter and excitement told the story. The whole family trooped out into the yard and were highly amused at the goose, who, poor creature, had not the courage to sit down again for a considerable time, lest, I should imagine, another egg decided to fray her shattered nerves by following the example of its rotten companion.

JOAN PROSSER (Upper Va.).

OLLA PODRIDA.

Some dead frogs have escaped from the Chemistry Lab., complains H.E.H.

M.S. tells us that she poured on boiling cold water.

We have, remarks W.M., iron in our blood to make ships and aeroplanes.

Joan of Ark was told in a vision to lead the French army. So she went and volunteered.

S.B. says that baby swans are singlets.

A third former announces that teeth are covered by aluminium and concrete. Rather a change from enamel and cement!

She used to guard the sacred bows of the tree, writes J.R.S.

Frog spawn, according to A.B., is to be found in cloisters.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS ?

This was the day which had been dreaded for weeks, and at last it was here. Everyone was feverishly repeating any phrase which might come in useful, the most popular being, 'Veuillez repeter la question, s'il vous plait'—(Would you please repeat that). All information relating to oneself—date of birth, age, home hobbies, were carefully noted down and memorised, just in case they might be needed. Then, of course, there was the dictation as well—awful thought. We went into the room in which the ordeal was to take place, and took our seats. The examiner did not seem too bad, but what would the dictation itself be like? After the piece had been

read through once, most of us had only a very vague idea of what it was all about ; when we came to write it down it was a little clearer, and by the time it had been read through again, we understood most of it. But writing it down was a different thing altogether. Some words did not look quite right on paper, but that could not be helped.

After this came the Oral proper, and we went in two at a time to read a short French passage, and to try to answer any questions the examiner liked to put to us. We waited in fear and dread for our turns to come. Most of the questions asked could be answered without more than a few seconds thought, but with others,—the right answers could not be thought of, and sometimes the questions themselves were difficult to understand. Of course there were some of the questions we had expected such as " How old are you ? " but there were others which were not so simple.

After the examination we exchanged our experiences, and compared the questions we had been asked, and our answers. Several people had suffered from a kind of 'stage fright'; one had forgotten how old she was, when asked, and another had said that she was born in 1330 instead of 1930. On the whole, however, we decided that the French Oral had not been too bad after all.

PAT FELLOWS (Upper Va).

SPORTS DAY 46 A.D.

And it came to pass that the day was fine, and a multitude did gather at the place of learning in the town of Alcestrum, to witness the yearly contests.

He, whose office it was to start the races had by him a slave, who spake as through a trumpet, commanding all those who did compete to muster.

There was one among them who did compete from the hills, being of great stature, and fleet of foot. And he did say unto his followers—" Go forth this day, my brethren, and capture all the prizes, for ye must conquer them who do bear the names of beasts and birds."

And it came to pass, after the races had been run, the people assembled and an officer of the town distributed the prizes. And the chief of the winning side was called forth, and the officer said unto him " Thou hast won the most coveted prize thrice my son, and now thou winnest it again." And a tumultuous noise arose from his followers when he returned unto them bearing in triumph the silver goblet.

And the multitude departed in their chariots, and peace again reigned in the arena.

EVANS (Lower Vb).

MUSIC NEXT DOOR.

When small boys decide to exercise their lungs on a trumpet it can with a great amount of good-natured sufferance on the part of the listener, be endured. But when a fully-grown man conceives the aim of practising on one, with the object of eventually blowing it in a brass band, the matter becomes more than the average person can endure. At least that is the view taken by my family. For six weeks now we have been continually entertained by the "brassy" sound emitted from a furiously blown trumpet. The noise alternately diminishes in volume as the blower gets out of breath, and increases as he regains it.

For the first week we enjoyed the unmelodious serenade with hardly restrained mirth. We knew that such "music" could not last long. We even predicted *when* it would end and rashly we joked about it. The second week found our attitude towards our neighbour's new-found occupation slightly changed. It was only slightly, however; we had yet to experience the full effects of it. By the third week we had noticeably altered our attitude. We no longer had the courage to joke about it. The fourth week found us visibly annoyed. When we encountered our neighbour in the garden during intervals between his vigorous trumpeting (he informed my father that walking in the garden aided his respiratory powers considerably), we bestowed on him stony glares and maintained a frigid civility in answer to his affability. In the sheltered privacy of our own home however, very derogatory remarks on the lack of consideration shown by some people for others, were passed.

During the fifth week we held a council of war at which we decided we would seize every opportunity of praising to our neighbour the merits of all other musical instruments. At the same time we would tactfully express our opinion on the music of a trumpet.

It was of no avail. Our neighbour stoutly averred that no other instrument could compare with a trumpet. He listed numerous benefits to his respiratory system which he derived from playing it. He triumphantly stated that he would have a great advantage over my father who could not play one. I think he had visionary dreams of playing for the B.B.C. We heroically resigned ourselves to the fact that we must endure the mournful wailing of a trumpet as long as we sojourned at our present address.

Two days ago, however, matters were brought to a climax. Our neighbour suddenly decided to hasten his inclusion in a brass band by arising early to practise.

At five o'clock in the morning we were awakened by the now familiar: "Toot Toot T-o-o-o-o-t toot r-o-o-o-o-o-o-t." This proved to be the last straw where my father was concerned. He jumped angrily out of his warm bed, grasped his shoe in his

hand, and hammered violently on the wall which adjoined next door. A minute later our neighbour appeared in the front garden and meekly asked if anyone had been taken suddenly ill! In loud and vociferous terms my father told him that nobody had been taken ill, suddenly or otherwise. In even louder and more vociferous terms he gave him his opinion on being awakened at the unfashionable hour of five o'clock.

Mingled surprise and consternation showed on our neighbour's face. He humbly begged my father's pardon and retired. Where tactful hints and guile had failed, plain speaking had apparently succeeded.

Now we learn that he carries his beloved trumpet into the woods and practises there so that he will not disturb anyone. I only hope that the wild birds make a more appreciative audience for his serenade than my family did.

MAUREEN PALLETT (Upper Va).

THE SCHOOL SHIELDS.

Two years ago we gave details of the winners of the shields. In response to requests from some who did not have a copy of that RECORD, we are once more including this information.

The first award of a Sports Shield was made in 1913. The winning sides have been as follows :—

BROWNIES (13 times) : 1913, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1925, 1938, 1939, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946.

JACKALS (10 times) : 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1923, 1924, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1937.

TOMTITS (11 times) : 1918, 1919, 1926, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1940.

The first award of an Arts and Crafts Shield was made in 1916. It has been won by the Sides as follows :—

BROWNIES (14 times) : 1916, 1917, 1918, 1920, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1929, 1938, 1939, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1946.

JACKALS (6 times) : 1930, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1940, 1945.

TOMTITS (11 times) : 1919, 1922, 1924, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1944.

Both Shields have been won in the same year by :—

BROWNIES (9 times) : 1920, 1921, 1925, 1938, 1939, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1946.

JACKALS (once) : 1937.

TOMTITS (6 times) : 1919, 1926, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934.

CADETS.

Cpl. Steveni has been corporal-in-charge of the platoon this term. The training has run along the usual lines, and the numbers of the platoon have been well maintained.

The platoon made a good display at the Battalion Sports, on May 25th. L/Cpl. Budden was first in the mile, L/Cpl. Moizer was first in the half-mile, L/Cpl. Stone was placed third in the 100 yards, L/Cpl. Budden and Cadet Hadwen were second and third in the 440 yards. The Company was runner-up for the Battalion Trophy, out of six competing Companies. In the Brigade Sports at the Y.M.C.A. Ground, Edgbaston, on June 20th, further distinction was gained. L/Cpl. Moizer won the half-mile; L/Cpl. Wood won the high jump (4 ft. 11 ins.); L/Cpl. Budden ran second in the mile, and L/Cpl. Stone second in the 220 yards.

The Camp this year is to be held at Lavernock, near Penarth, South Wales, from August 4th to August 11th.

Old Members of the Cadets will be pleased to hear that the old Lee-Enfields have now been replaced by more modern apparatus.

LT. E. W. HADWEN.

CRICKET.

Captain :—HILLMAN.

At the opening of this Cricket season, we had rather a difficult task forming a new cricket team.

For the first match against Evesham, always a stern task, we had to try several new players. The team played very well and showed promise of better things. With a little batting practice the team should more than hold its own with many opponents.

The school has been represented by :—Stone, Hancox, McCarthy i., Steveni i., Sanders, Adkins i., Richardson, Mole, Holifield, Hunt, Moizer, Woodfield and Hillman.

Results :—

- A.G.S. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (Away), drawn, 49 for 5—85.
- v. Redditch C.H.S. (Away), tied, 37—37.
- v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (Away), lost, 45—88.
- v. Stratford K.E.G.S. (Home), lost, 27—47.
- v. Great Alne C.C. "A" XI. (Away), won, 44—4.
- v. Redditch C.H.S. (Away), won, 20—15.
- v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (Home), lost, 27—28 for 1.

G.J.H.

TENNIS.

Captain : S. SUMMERHILL.

Secretary : D. HARRIS.

In spite of bad weather, the enthusiasm for tennis has been very strong throughout the school and especially so in the middle forms. Thanks to the industrious work of those who rolled the courts last term, the courts have been in better condition than they have been for some years.

The standard of play has improved generally, although the team has too little time for special coaching. However, by the end of term, weather permitting, both teams should reach a fairly high standard. There are also a number of very promising players in the fifth forms and it was much to be regretted that our only second VI. match (*v.* Worcester) had to be cancelled because of rain.

The School has been represented this year by :—Z. Mason, B. Hemming, M. Rowland, D. Harris, S. Summerhill, J. Prosser. *Reserve*, B. Baseley.

Results :—

A.G.S. 1st VI. *v.* Bromsgrove C.H.S. 1st. VI. (Away) lost, 3—6.

v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 1st. VI. (Away) won, 6—3.

v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 1st. VI. (Home) won, 6—3.

S.S.

NETBALL.

Captain : J. PADDOCK.

Secretary : Z. MASON.

For the first time in School history Netball has become a recognised school game, and we have played First and Junior outside team matches. As the standard of play improved so the game gained popularity, particularly with the Juniors, who spent every spare moment of their lunch hour practising. Considering the fact that our Netball pitch is under size, it was surprising that our first team was able to win all its matches. The First team was represented by : J. Paddock, S. Summerhill, J. Savage, J. Prosser, J. Preston, J. Garner, M. Rowland.

Results :—

A.G.S. *v.* Redditch C.H.S. (Home), won, 17—13.

v. Redditch C.H.S. (Away), won, 18—11.

v. Edgbaston (Away), Won, 17—15.

J.P.

FOR THE JUNIORS.**WILD FLOWERS.**

On Thursday night I went with my Grandpa to pick wild flowers. My Grandpa got me some gorse, which was too prickly for my fingers. We went down a lane and through three fields until we saw a lovely carpet of blue near some trees, they were blue-bells, growing in a mass of blue, and in the very middle there was one yellow cowslip, which made a very pretty picture.

JOSE CARLYLE (Remove).

LUDLOW RACES.

On Thursday, the 25th April, I was very pleased when my friend asked me to go with him and his Father to Ludlow Point-to-Point Races. We stood by a fence so that we could see the horses come over. The starter's flag went down, and off they went. The horses were coming to the first bend when one horse hurt his leg, and had to leave the track. A blue flag was waved for the horse's ambulance.

Meanwhile the other horses were coming to the jump where we were standing. The winner was a brown horse with white fetlocks; he came in snorting and sweating. His jockey was dressed in a blue jersey, red sash, and a white cap. He did not win easily for another horse was close behind him.

JOHN MONTGOMERY (Remove).

SHIPS.

The ships that sail around the bay,
Are painted new in colours gay.
Then up with the sails !
And off to catch whales !

HENRY FEAST (Remove).

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